

BEADLE'S

DIME



Book of Verses

COMPRISING

RHYMES, LINES AND MOTTOES,

FOR LOVERS AND FRIENDS,

VALENTINES, ALBUM PIECES, GIFT VERSES, BIRTHDAY
LINES, AND POETRY FOR BRIDALS, BIRTHS,
MOURNING, EPITAPHS, Etc.

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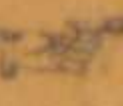
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BEADLE'S DIME
BOOK OF VERSES

VERSES FOR ALBUMS.

MEMORY.

And wilt thou think of him who traced
 This tributary lay?
Or will his image be effaced
As footprints in the sun are chased
 By the next solar ray?
Can Memory's light become so dim
That thou wilt not remember him?

DEDICATION.

Go, Album! range the gay parterre;
From gem to gem, from flower to flower,
Select with taste, and cull with care,
And bring your offerings, fresh and rare,
To this sweet maiden's bower!

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Here, where a host of brilliant thoughts engage
Where Love and Wit illuminate the page,
Where Genius joys his traits of fire to trace,
How shall I dare to occupy a place?
Fain would I sketch a simple rosebud there,
Nature's bright emblem of the sweet and fair
But, oh! a rose for *thee*! 'twere but to bring
Sweet to the sweet!—superfluous offering!

INVITATION TO WRITE.

My Album's open! Come, and see!
What! won't you waste a line on me?
Write but a thought—a word or two,
That Memory may revert to you.

BOOK OF VERSES.

FOUR LINES.

Peruse these simple rhymes,
 If ever you read any,
 And think of me, sometimes,
 Among the many!

AN ALBUM DEDICATION.

To her whose gentle soul can best
 Appreciate what is half expressed,
 I dedicate this book, wherein
 Sweet Friendship's names her smiles shall win;
 Where modest Love shall breathe its sigh,
 And Admiration drop its meed;
 And where, at last, when years roll by,
 Dear Memory will this tribute read.

FRIENDLY WISHES.

Here, in these shining Album pages,
 You look not for the thoughts of sages,
 But here you seek, and hope to find,
 The fruits of friendly heart and mind:
 So I may venture, at your whisper,
 To be in verse an humble lisper;
 And in this Album page beseech
 That all you want you soon may reach;
 That all you love may love you too;
 And all you're faithful to, be true!
 And wheresoe'er your path shall wind,
 Joy go before, and Love attend you;
 And Trouble lag so far behind,
 His presence never shall offend you!

A WISH.

Like Album page, so fair and white,
 Be thy pure heart, for Love to write
 His tender lesson on it;
 And may that lesson, written deep,
 Such happy memories always keep,
 That you will joy to con it.

FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

When worth and beauty prompt the line,
 Perhaps a pen as poor as mine
 May be forgiven
 To try to write of things divine,
 And think of heaven!
 But pause, rash verse! and don't abuse
 A bashful maiden's ear with news
 Of her own beauty!
 And yet no other theme I'll choose,
 Or think a duty!
 So, then, for fear I might offend,
 I'll say—*God bless her!*—and thus end.

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

This little book, with all the prize
 Its varied page imparts,
 I'll dedicate to gentle eyes
 And sympathizing hearts;
 That all who bring a smile or tear,
 May, fearless, drop the gem;
 For critics rude shall ne'er come near
 To praise them or condemn.

ALBUM LINES.

These lines which I to you inscribe,
 Were purchased by a costly bribe:
 You said you would be *pleased* to see
 A simple record here from me;
 And to please you is such a pleasure,
 I prize it more than bribe of treasure;
 But if my poor attempt has power
 To please you—'tis a royal dower;
 And I henceforth shall proudly cherish—
 Until all sense and memory perish—
 The thought that, once upon a time,
 I *pleased* you by my simple rhyme.

MEMORY.

How true the thought, and yet most dear,
 That Memory has a silent tear
 For loved ones, wheresoe'er our lot,
 Though absent, they are ne'er forgot!

ALBUM ACROSTICS.

May all that in this book appears
 Adorn your bright and happy years;
 Reveal fresh beauties and embrace
 Your life with loveliness and grace.

In this fair book, this Album's page,
 Sweet thoughts, like wine, get ripe with age,
 And so, though now my verse is poor,
 By age it will improve, I'm sure;
 Excuse it now, and some years hence
 Let Memory read without offense;
 Let kindly Recollections twine,
 And Friendship fancy it Old Wine!

Julia! I write, and you will read;
 Ungrateful were my pen indeed,
 Lost to all sweetest inspiration,
 If it could not, at your persuasion,
 At once indite a—Dedication!

Free are the birds, and sweet the flowers,
 And free and sweet are Fanny's hours;
 No cares to grieve, no doubts to pain,
 Nothing to do but rule and reign—
 Youth her fair crown—Love her domain.

Receive, dear friend, these simple verses,
 And think my heart its thoughts rehearses;
 Combine all kindest prayers and blessings,
 Hopes, wishes, kisses and caressings;
 Entwine them all, and then, my dear
 Let Fancy deem them *written here!*

MOTTOES AND COUPLETS.

Oh cruel girl! I did but steal one kiss,
And you have stolen away my heart for this!

There'll be an end to all my woes if
You don't soon smile on your poor Joseph!

Here's for the girl whose charms ne'er vary.
My dear, delightful, charming Mary.

Oh! night and day I think of you—
Susanna, Susan, Susy, Sue!

I know a dear, delicious teaser—
Her name—don't breathe it—is Louisa!

Come! let there be no longer parley,
Charley loves Kate and Kate loves Charley

Happy will be that lucky man,
Who wins the heart of Mary Ann.

When shall I taste of happiness?
'Tis when my charming Kate says—"Yes!"

Time flies too fast—I can not wait!
When shall it be?—speak out, dear Kate!

If you'd know the taste of juleps,
Ask Lucille to press her *two lips*.

I kissed a dewy rosebud, cleft in twain,
And fancied it the lips of Mary Jane.

I kissed your portrait, Fanny, but the kiss was all in
vain ;
If it had been *like you*, it would have kissed me back
again.

Whoever opens and reads this,
Must give the nearest girl a kiss.

Whoever reads these lines must render
His thanks by writing something tender.

These lines—don't let them cause congestion !
Will serve, I hope, to—pop the question !

If she who reads will understand—
I've got a *heart*, and she—a *hand*.

She's proud of her accomplishments !
I know she *sings*—I think she *paints* !

Dear sir—so amiable you are—
I think I'll let you—ask papa !

Before I choose you for my spouse,
Pray, have you cash—to keep the house ?

I love sweet Kate—my wife I'd make her—
But, faith ! I don't know how to take her.

Jolly and free are a bachelor's years—
Night-keys, headaches, cold coffee and tears.

My charming maiden ! pray don't blame me—
You owe me—and I wish you'd pay me.

Miss ! if to you 'tis all the same—
How would you like to change your name ?

When a young man's uncommon stupid,
He's very easily caught by Cupid.

If you accept me for a suitor,
I'll be in love a gentle tutor.

Sweet is the girl who reads this line;
I wish her sweetness were all mine!

This world is quite as beautiful as other worlds above,
And if we'd only make it so, 'twould be as full of ~~us~~!

Dear girl, I love, I prize but thee alone,
And only ask thee to be—all my own!

Oh, if you'd change your maiden appellation
I'd give you mine, Miss, without hesitation!

I can't escape from love—'tis vain you talk—
For he can fly—and I can only walk!

Say but one word, and gladly I
With thee will live—with thee will die!

Oh, let me know that thou art near—
Oh, let me feel I love thee dear!

I'd give a bank, and all that's in it,
To press your lovely lips one minute!

I wish and pray you were less frigid,
Or I less warm—you charming Bridget.

If I dared speak, I'd say to Harry—
Pray, do you think you'll ever marry?

The girl whose hair is most like flame,
Has made my tender heart the same.

I think I'd like to kiss the peachy bloom
That crowns the prettiest cheeks within this room.

A pair of blue eyes looking straight at me,
'To-night have made me feel what love must be.

The girl whose black and sparkling eyes are on me,
I must confess it, has at last undone me!

ST VALENTINE VERSES.

Away! away! my true love seek,
And call the rose-blush to her cheek!
And let her sweet lips kiss the line,
To find who sends this Valentine.

WITH A RING.

Accept this ring—this simple ring—
An emblem of my love for thee;
No gems around it glistening,
But endless—like eternity;
And by its purity of gold,
Let my pure love for thee be told;
And by its circle be it known
My love encircles thee alone—
And if to wear it you incline,
I'll choose you for my Valentine!

When the one for whom this verse
Was written and intended,
All its meanings shall rehearse,
And still not be offended—
Let that one a note return,
By the next mail line,
And each one of us will learn,
The other's Valentine.

No jeweled beauty is my love,
But in her youthful face
There's such a wealth of tenderness,
She needs no other grace;
Her smiles and songs around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh, very dear is she,
My own true Valentine!

DEAREST, I AM FOND OF YOU,

As hollyhocks are fond of dew,
As bees are fond of clover,
So, dearest, I am fond of you,
I say it over and over.

As wrens and robins are fond of worms,
And fishes fond of water,
I'm fond of you—the fondest terms
Express not what they oughter.

I'm fond of you as Laps of oil,
Or Esquimaux of blubber;
To others' tears my heart's rich soil
Is tough as India-rubber.

As corn is fond of August heats,
As cattle are of fodder,
As children are of stolen sweets,
Or a fisherman of a rod, or

As a boy of his first new boots,
Of a sled and snow in December—
As lawyers are of chancery suits,
Or the church of a wealthy member,

I'm fond of you—and fonder grow,
I blush not to confess it;
There's naught, not even "Adams & Co."
That ever can "express" it.

I beg of you, my dearest, then,
Accept my love—don't spurn it!
But make me happiest of men
By saying you'll return it.

ANSWER.

Be happy, then, my ardent friend—
Your love, I will not spurn it;
By the next mail, the love you send,
I'll faithfully return it.

SAY THOU'LT BE MY VALENTINE.

The birds in their delicious nests
 Hang high in southern bowers,
 With soft winds blowing round their breasts,
 And canopied by flowers.
 Each dreameth of his Valentine,
 As I—why not? of mine.

The orange blossoms, like tiaras,
 Gleam o'er each happy head;
 Like golden lamps the glowing stars
 Shine on the downy bed
 Where two will sleep, instead of one,
 When this brief day is done.

Ah! in this bleak and chilly clime
 Falls snow instead of flowers;
 But poet souls must dream and rhyme
 In love's secluded bowers;
 Fond fancy craves its Valentine,
 As my heart craveth thine.

'Tis summer weather in my breast,
 Where tropic splendors burn;
 I stir with sweet yet sad unrest,
 As roses tremble and yearn;
 Or, as the dew shakes on the tree,
 I thrill at thoughts of thee.

Ah, dearest, send no cruel frost
 Or snow into the nest,
 Now by hope's balmy breezes tost,
 And by love's blossoms blest;
 But say thou'lt be my Valentine,
 As I am only thine!

ANSWER.

I know not what the silly birds
 Are doing at the South;
 But this I know, that foolish words
 Fall from a lover's mouth
 As easily as orange flowers
 Are shaken down from southern bowers

And that those words are full as light,
And wither full as soon—
That lovers' hearts are changeful, quite,
And faithless as the moon—
That poets say the silliest things,
And poets' loves have lightest wings.

A little February freeze
Will do your love no ill;
If true, like sap in maple trees,
'Twill rise the sweeter still;
So, not till sugar-time I'll say
Whether I like you, yea or nay.

Many years ago,
When all without was February snow,
But our warm hearts were in a summer glow,
With blushes, smiles, and hopes of youth divina,
We promised, by the good St. Valentine,
I to be thine, thou mine!

Years hasten and depart—
As thou wert then, thou art,
But closer intergrown with this true heart;
Till we have now no fears
But that the love which thus this life endears,
Will keep us mates through the eternal years.

Lovers' vows are lovers' lies—
Lovers' pledges I despise;
Both are worthless, one to nine,
But I am true, your Valentine.

Let us love one another,
So long as we can;
I loving one woman,
You loving one man;
If you care to love another,
Let me know it, rain or shine,
For I'm not the chap to tarry
After you've slighted Valentine.

Let the wings of swiftest breezes
 Waft my wishes—bear my prayers,
 Till a hand this letter seizes,
 And its seal impatient tears;
 Let a lip that I know well,
 Press the burning words that tell
 All my love and all my pain
 Till I see his form again—
 Till beside him I recline,
 Thanks to good St. Valentine.

FOR AN INCLOSURE.

Whoever this envelope opes,
 Will find it full of true love's hopes,
 True love's prayers and fond desires,
 Sighs to kindle true love's fires;
 Kisses hid in every line
 For one who is my Valentine.

I said, whenever an angel fair,
 In mind and form beyond compare,
 Shall rise before my raptured sight,
 Like vision, beautiful and bright,
 To *her* I'll send a Valentine.
 Just then, in beauteous womanhood,
 An angel form before me stood—
 And, lo! that angel form was *thine*—
 My fairest fair—my Valentine!

BRIDAL AND MARRIAGE VERSES.

THE WEDDING-RING.

With her white hand like a lady,
 And her heart as merry as spring,
 She was ripe and she was ready
 For a golden wedding-ring.
 There's no jewel so worth wearing,
 That a lover's hands may bring—
 There's no treasure worth comparing
 With a golden wedding-ring.

THE BRIDE'S PRAYER.

It beats for thee, and only thee!
 Loving and wild as human heart dare be;
 And every throb throws out a prayer,
 Restless and rising on the heedless air,
 To the great Prince of Love,
 That from his shining throne above,
 He will thy dear feet guard,
 With holiness and patience o'er the hard
 And pitiless rocks that lie
 Beneath thine anxious eye.
 That heart hath great and solemn trust in thine
 And therefore doth not idly fret and pine,
 But, waiting for the thrilling joy to be.
 It beats for only thee.—M. V. V.

TO MY WIFE AT HOME.

When a stranger 'mid strangers I roam, love,
 And no friendly face can I see—
 When affection doth link every step, love,
 That lengthens between you and me—
 The light of thine eye, love,
 The light of thine eye,
 Illumines the mansions within, love,
 The light of thine eye.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The blessing's given—the ring is on,
 And at God's altar radiant run
 The currents of two lives in one!
 Melodious move their wedded life!
 Through shocks of time and storms of strife,
 Husband true and tender wife!

PRICELESS WEALTH.

Heaven hath its crown of stars—the earth
 Her robe of glorious flowers;
 The sea its fruits—the grand old woods
 Their birds and verdant bowers;
 But none of them have richer dowers
 Than fortune gives this home of ours;
 For we have wealth, all wealth above,
 A wife's true heart, a husband's love!

WEDDED LOVE.

There is no truer bliss on earth,
 Than wedded love;
 It hath its nourishment and birth
 From Him above—
 Who hath to mortals kindly given
 A foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

A BRIDAL WISH.

When thy form is at the altar,
 When the ring is on thy hand,
 When the loving ones around thee,
 At thy rosy bridal stand,
 Oh, may the sweetest wish that love
 Can breathe upon the air—
 Be o'er thee at that moment,
 For a blessing and a prayer!

THE LOVER HUSBAND.

My weary, worn heart into music is stirred,
 And it trembles and sings like a caroling bird;
 On the branch nearest heaven—atop of my life,
 While I clasp thee, and kiss thee, my beautiful wife!

MARRIED HAPPINESS.

The suns will shine and the rains will fall
 On the highest and lowliest spot;
 There's mourning and merriment sent for all
 Who inherit an earthly lot.
 And sometimes we find that the richer bliss
 Lies under the darkest sorrow,
 And the murkiest shadows of night's abyss
 Will soon bring a clear to-morrow;
 But let there come sorrow, to waken a sigh,
 Or joy, to enlighten our life—
 We'll hope on, and love on, and let them pass by,
 Still happy—as husband and wife.

TO A WEDDED PAIR.

Hand in hand, with hearts united,
 Ye are bridegroom now and bride;
 Each to each hath fondly plighted
 Eternal love till death divide,
 While the poet's song would bless you,
 From his heart a prayer is given,
 That should griefs of earth depress you,
 Love may lift your hearts to heaven.

—
 Her cheek is nestling on my breast—
 Her eyes are bright with tears;
 A prayer, half-breathed and half-represt,
 My listening spirit hears!
 Oh! blessed be the changeless love
 That glorifies my life!
 All doubt, all fear, all guile above—
 My own true-hearted wife!—*Duganne.*

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
 Enraptured still to call thee mine,
 To call thee mine for life,
 I glory in the sacred ties,
 Which modern wits and fools despise,
 Of husband and of wife.—*Lindley Murray*

THE BRIDE.

She stood like an angel just wandered from heaven,
 A pilgrim benighted away from the skies;
 And little we deemed that to mortals were given
 Such visions of beauty as come from her eyes;
 She looked up and smiled on the many glad faces,
 The friends of her childhood who stood by her side;
 But she shone o'er them all like a queen of the Graces,
 When, blushing, she whispered, the vow of a bride.

AWAY FROM A WIFE.

Afar from thee! the morning breaks,
 But morning brings no joy to me;
 Alas! my spirit only wakes
 To know I am afar from thee!
 In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
 And thou wert nestled to my breast;
 In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
 And to mine own thy heart was pressed.

Bethuna.

TO A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

I saw two clouds at morning
 Tinged by the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one.
 I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting;
 Such be *your* gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat—
 Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

A SURE CURE.

I have known full many a maiden,
 Like a white rose withering,
 Into fresh, ripe beauty redden,
 Through a golden wedding-ring.

VERSES ON BIRTHS AND INFANCY.

TO A NEW-BORN BABE.

Blessings on thee, baby !
 Guiltless is thy brow ;
 And I trust it may be
 Always pure as now !
 Heaven-born and saintly
 As the light above,
 In thee shineth, faintly,
 Sweet, angelic love !
 Ever, from this day, be
 All thy future life
 Fair and bright, my baby,
 Free from care and strife !

A FATHER ON HIS NEW-BORN BABE.

Two joys I had to charm my life—
 A healthy frame, a tender wife ;
 And now, to crown my double joy,
 I welcome here my new-born boy ;
 When wealth like this to earth is given,
 We seem to taste the life of heaven.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

Oh, who can tell what visions high
 May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
 What brighter throne can brightness find
 To reign on than an infant's mind,
 Ere sin destroy, or error dim
 The glory of the cherubim ?

MY TREASURE.

Sparkling brightly 'neath my eyes,
 What upon my bosom lies ?
 Formed of manly gems, it seems,
 Rubies bright and sapphire gleams ;
 Shining with a chastened glow.
 Through a veil of purest snow.
 What's this gem of purest grace ?
 'Tis a little baby face !

BOOK OF VERSES.

A HAPPY FATHER.

Am I happy? Let me see!
Untold bliss!
Wife has given her babe to me,
For a kiss.
Dearest wife, and baby sweet,
What is happiness complete,
If not this?

A NEW-BORN BABE.

This tender floweret—pure and soft—
That lies, dear wife, upon thy bosom,
We've prayed for in the past, full oft,
And now we bless its fragrant blossom.
Oh may it grow, beneath our love,
To bloom with sweetness all our days,
And in our Father's fields above,
Transplanted meet our raptured gaze.

TO A BABE.

Clasped in thy nurse's arms, oh gentle child,
Thou didst first *weep* while all around thee *smile*;
So live that, sinking to thy last, long sleep,
Thou mayst *smile*, while all around thee *weep*!

NURSE'S SONG.

Lullaby! lullaby! beautiful baby!
Father and mother so happy as may be!
Hoping and wishing for blessings to be,
Growing and blowing, dear baby, for thee!
Lullaby! lullaby! baby is slumbering,
Sweetly and softly as baby can be;
Angels and fairies the moments are numbering
Peeping and keeping their watch over thee.

A NEW-BORN BABE.

Oh, happy husband! happy wife!
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life.

TO AN INFANT.

And art thou here, sweet boy, among
The crowds that come this world to throng?
The loveliest dream of waking life!
Hope of the bosom's secret strife!
Emblem of all the heart can love!
Vision of all that's bright above!
Pledge, promise of remembered years,
Seal of pure souls! yet bought with tears!

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

What is more fair than a child at prayer—
A little child at prayer?
Out of his dutiful heart and eyes
Holy and innocent thoughts arise,
Gilding his forehead and crowning his hair
With quiet and tenderness sweet and rare,
And love beyond compare!
Sweetly and clearly, for mother dear—
For mother and father dear—
Lisping the love of his spotless soul;
Letting the saint in his heart control;
Lifting and reaching, in faith sincere,
With never a doubt, and never a fear,
To the God he sees so near!—*Duganna*.

MOTHERHOOD.

The Mother moves with queenlier tread,
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white,
A pillow for the baby's head.—*G. Massey*.

LINES ON A CHILD.

A fairy form is frolicking
In beauty round me now,
With cheek of sunny loveliness,
And light and beaming brow.
He clingeth to his mother dear,
His mother, fair and mild,
And laugheth in his gladness—
My child—my own dear child!

VERSES TO SEND WITH FLOWERS

WITH A LILY, A VIOLET AND A ROSE.

Here are sweet flowers, that your spirit may prize
 For each beautiful meaning that in them lies;
 And the fragrant blessings their leaves impart,
 Lying so tenderly near to thy heart:
 Here is a Lily, that used to flake
 With petals of silver, the peaceful lake;
 Here is a delicate Violet's bloom,
 Yielding, to charm thee, its rare perfume;
 Pure as the sapphire of deepest light,
 Let it press softly thy bosom so white!
 Here is a Rose, for thy rosy heart,
 Fresh and yet blushing, as thou, love, art!
 Take my sweet offering—wear it for me!
 Let me but know that it lies near to thee!

WITH A BOUQUET, INCLOSING A LILY.

Go, roses sweet, and myrtle leaves,
 And violets pure and meek,
 And the Lily, whose silver cup receives
 A tear, while yet I speak.
 Go, Lily, and rest on my Mary's breast,
 And kiss her tender cheek.

WEARING A MARIGOLD.

I wear this Marigold on my bosom,
 My weary heart above;
 And you may read in its drooping blossom,
 I am tired—I am *tired of love*.

WITH WILD TANSY.

This sprig of Tansy take, sir,
 And application make, sir;
 You've given me cause enough *therefor*,
 And now between us there is war!
 Unless, in token of your sorrow,
 A *spring* of Yew I see to-morrow.

WITH A ROSE-TREE.

I send a summer gift—
A sunny gift for thee;
This vase, whose trellis-bars uplift
A delicate Rose-tree!
And on its falling leaves
Your heart may moralize,
And learn how Love its fragrance gives,
Even when its floweret dies.
Still fair and sweet may you
Enjoy this life of ours;
Your heart as fresh as summer dew,
Your soul like summer flowers.

WITH A WREATH.

Rose! rose! open thy cup!
Lily! lily! awake! awake!
Loveliest flowers! spring up! spring up!
That I for my love may a garland make;
And when your sweet odors you yield to her,
Tell her you come from her worshiper!

WITH A ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose;
Tell her who wastes her love on me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—*Waller.*

WITH A BOUQUET.

Sweetest girl! from garden spot
I cull you this Forget-me-not;
And I have plucked a Mignonette,
To tell—what I can ne'er forget—
That in my fond affection's glass,
"Your qualities your charms surpass!"

WITH A FADED LEAF.

Go, relic of a scentless wreath,
Let Helen sigh thy dead leaves o'er;
And all thy sweet perfume will breathe
More sweetly than before

WITH STRAWBERRIES.

The red, ripe, blushing Strawberry
 Is richest of berries, I'm sure;
 And it fits well the lips of my lady-love,
 So fragrant, so soft and so pure.

A DECLARATION.

Dear maid! accept this modest Pink,
 And on my Pure Love-deign to think ;
 And let the Tulip, sweet and fair,
 All that is in my heart declare.

VIOLET AND HEART'S-EASE.

This modest Violet now I send,
 An emblem of yourself, my friend;
 And by the Heart's-ease you will see
 I ask your thoughts to dwell on me.

WITH A BOUQUET.

With these sweet flowers I dare to send
 Let all their sweetest meanings blend:
 Love in the Myrtle's bloom is seen,
 Remembrance to the Violet clings;
 Peace whispers thee from Olive green,
 And Hope for me from Snowdrops springs;
 My Friendship from the Acacia grows,
 And *thy* rich emblem is the Rose.

WITH A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

In this little basket,
 Like gems in a casket,
 Lie all the sweet thoughts that I cherish for thee;
 The sweetest and dearest
 Thy heart may be nearest,
 But kiss one or two and return them to me.

WITH A COWSLIP.

Place this Cowslip in your bodice,
 For it means—"You are my Goddess."

TO A CONCEITED GENTLEMAN.

I send you, sir, a Daffodil,
You'll guess its meaning—sure you will;
Since you possess, all things above,
That shining quality—Self-Love.

WITH A SNOWDROP.

While the Snowdrop's leaflets ope,
Let them whisper to thee—Hope.

WITH A VIOLET.

A maiden's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the Violet flower;
That lifts its modest head apart—
In some sequestered bower.

LINES WITH GERANIUM AND ROSE-LEAVES

Let this sweet-leaved Geranium be
Entwined around thy clustering hair;
And thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
Twine these young Rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall think their flowers are there:
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.

LINES WITH HEART'S-EASE.

This Hearts'-ease I present to thee,
For thou art gay, and I am lone;
And if thou wilt not smile on me,
My Hearts'-ease is forever gone.

LOVE'S TELEGRAPH.

In your soft and gentle bosom,
Prythee, hide this Apple-blossom;
Thus, 'twill kiss with proper deference
Her who gains my earnest preference.
If the thought you do not spurn,
A Rose Geranium please return;
And I'll take it as a reference
To the one who is your preference.

WITH A PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
 The firstling of the infant year;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This Primrose, all bepearied with dew;
 And I will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are washed with tears
 Ask me why this flower appears
 Yellow, green, and wet with tears;
 Ask me why its stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 And I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

FIDELITY.

Violet is for Faithfulness,
 Which in my heart shall abide;
 Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
 You will not let it glide.

TO A LADY, WITH FLOWERS.

Flowers to the beautiful! to them belong
 The wreath of perfumes and the voice of song;
 All that like them are lovely theirs must be,
 And thus I send this offering to—thee.

WITH A GARLAND.

This garland I send, with the love of a friend,
 And fresh with the sweetest perfume;
 'Tis an emblem of thee, and it asketh for me
 One thought from thy heart's precious bloom.

LINES WITH FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
 And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
 Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
 On its leaves a mysterious language bears;
 So, I gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
 And tell you the wish of *my* heart in flowers.

WITH A ROSE AND MYRTLE.

The Rose is the sign of joy and love—
Young, blushing love in the earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

WITH A FADED JASMIN.

This withered Jasmin, which I send
To you, my fair, tormenting friend,
Oh, let it be an indication
Of how I droop from Separation.

WITH A MARIGOLD.

This Marigold is token of my Grief—
Send me a Snowdrop, and 'twill give relief;
For as the Snowdrop whispers Hope to me,
I'll think I am remembered still by thee.

WITH A ROSEBUD, TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Take this sweet Rosebud, of thy youth a type,
And bid me come when the full Rose is ripe.

WITH AN ANEMONE.

Scornful maiden! take from me
This fading flower, Anemone;
Rudely like my heart 'twas shaken,
And its meaning is Forsaken.

WITH IVY AND ROSE.

This Ivy twig I now inclose,
And with it send a fair White Rose;
I give my Friendship with the first,
The other's yet to be rehearsed.

A POLITE REJECTION WITH A SPRIG OF SAGE

Kind sir, I thank you very much:
Your love you offer to engage;
And though the gift I can not touch,
I send you back an answer—Sage.

WITH JASMIN AND ROSEMARY.

This Carolina Jasmin tells
 How Absence from you always rives me;
 And the sweet Rosemary reveals
 How your dear Presence still revives me.

WITH A ROSE GERANIUM.

Smell this Geranium ! 'tis scented with Rose,
 And let it my Preference sweetly disclose.

WITH A DAISY.

Receive this simple Daisy which I took
 From its pure garden bed, and bore it thence;
 Its fragrant freshness and its tender look,
 Are emblems of thy own sweet *Innocence*.

WITH AN ALMOND-FLOWER.

There's a hope that, in dreams of a happier hour,
 May alight on Misery's brow—
 Like the silvery leaf of the Almond-flower,
 That blooms on a leafless bough.

WITH A ROSE.

The nightingale wanders from flower to flower
 Seeking the Rose, his heart's only prize;
 Thus did my love change every hour,
 Until I saw *thee*, Rose of my eyes !

REQUESTING A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Give me, dear lady, one sweet flower,
 The fairest of the fair,
 'Mongst all that decks my lady's bower,
 Or binds her flowing hair !
 And though, perchance, we meet no more,
 Though dark may be my lot,
 My memory still shall linger o'er
 Thy smile, and all the past restore,
 With this Forget Me-Not.

VERSES OF LOVE AND AFFECTION.

A LOVER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my love, my dearest,
High heaven of my delight;
Of all things brightest, fairest—
My beautiful, good-night.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Why shouldst thou think my heart is changed?
Why shouldst thou fear I love thee not?
Can truth like mine be e'er estranged,
Or faith like mine be e'er forgot?
I mourn thee absent, and when near
My rapture none can rank above;
If this be not to love thee, dear,
Oh, tell me what it is to love.

YOU LOVE ME NO LONGER.

You love me no longer! The heart that once listened
In passionate joy to each murmur of mine,
The eyes, the dark eyes that once tenderly glistened
With hope so enraptured and love so divine,
Are turned to another. Why dared I believe them?
Ah! false as the siren that sings in the sea!
These spells of enchantment, though lightly you weave
them,
Though sport to you, lady, are ruin to me!

PARTING FROM FRIENDS.

Our friends when they're near,
May be dear to our bosom;
But they're never so dear
As the hour when we lose 'em.

CONSTANCY.

Fancy not, dear, I can ever forget
 Thy smiles in the smiles that surround me;
 My eyes for a moment may wander, but yet
 Must come back to the love that has bound me.

A FRIEND'S WISH.

Light be thy breast,
 May repose still attend it,
 No troubles molest,
 And no treachery rend it.

A FRIEND'S PRAYER.

Peace be to thee! may virtue's rays
 Thy pathway still adorn;
 And may the evening of thy days
 Be pleasant as their morn.

TOO EASILY WON.

She that gives her heart away,
 For the homage of a day,
 Gives a trifle—gives a toy—
 Cheapest sweet things soonest cloy.

LINES AT SEA IN ABSENCE.

True as the needle, homeward points my heart,
 Through all the horrors of the stormy main,
 This the last wish that would with life depart,
 To see the smile of her I love again.—*Rogers.*

AT SEA.

The stormy ocean rolls its waves
 Between my love and me;
 But still my true heart fondly craves
 A thought, a prayer from thee.

A LOVER'S WISH.

Why dost thou gaze upon the skies?
 Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!
 That all my stars might be as eyes,
 To gaze upon thy beauties here!

ON A KISS.

Oh, when my soul drew near
To thy dear lips, my girl,
I closed my eyes and dreamed of heaven,
Beyond the gates of pearl.

LOVE AND LIFE.

The man who makes it his selfish rule
That love is a folly—himself is a fool;
For if to our life its sweet love you deny,
The best thing that life can do then is—to die.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

This is my rule, and to this rule I hold,
To choose my wife by merit, not by gold;
For on that one selection must depend,
Whether I wed a torment or a friend.

MEETING AND PARTING.

What in life is half so sweet
As the hour when lovers meet?
What gives half such painful smart
As the moment when they part?

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Gazing on thee, sweet maid, all things I see—
For thou art all the universe to me;
And when thou'rt absent, to my vacant sight,
Though all things else be here—'tis dark as night.

A CONSTANT SWEETHEART.

My true love is little and brown, but more tender
Than cygnet's soft down or the plumage of doves;
And her form like the ivy is graceful and slender,
Like the eglantine twined round the tree that it loves.

COMPANIONSHIP.

For every star a drop of dew,
For every sun a sky of blue,
For every heart a heart as true.

TO A SCHEMING FRIEND.

Art thou my friend? Forbear to do me wrong;
 And lead me not astray with siren song;
 For traitorous friendship wounds a trusting breast,
 With deeper hurts than enmity professed.

A KISS.

The kiss that she left on my lip,
 Like a dewdrop shall lingeringly lie;
 'Twas nectar she gave me to sip—
 'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.
 From the moment she printed that kiss
 Nor reason nor rest has been mine,
 My soul has been drunk with its bliss
 And swims in delirium divine.

BEAUTY UNADORNED.

To weave a garland for the rose,
 And think, thus crowned, 'twould lovelier be,
 Were no more vain than to suppose
 That silks or gems could add to thee.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are happier oft than I,
 For they are ever, love, with thee;
 And thine, I know, as frequent fly
 O'er all that severs us, to me,
 Like rays of stars that meet in space,
 And mingle in a bright embrace.—*Festus*

LOVE'S POWER.

Oh, thy love hath power upon me,
 Like a dream upon a brain;
 For the loveliness which won me,
 With the love, too, shall remain.

PARTING.

We lingered silent by the shore,
 And neither dared to break the spell;
 To part—perhaps to meet no more,
 What lip could utter first, "Farewell."

TO A DECEITFUL BEAUTY.

Thine eyes are full of light, lady,
I would they were less bright;
For then the serpent shining there
Might never charm my sight.

ROSY WISHES.

I would speak my kind thoughts by some beautiful
flower,
But, alas! it is autumn—there's none in my bower;
Yet oh, could you know all my heart would disclose,
You would find every wish that it breathes you—a
rose;
And much better than those which the garden adorn;
'Tis with sweetness o'erflowing, and has not one thorn.

A GOOD-NIGHT WISH.

Sleep, dearest, sleep, 'mid myrtles and roses;
Angels will hover where beauty reposes;
Sleep, dearest, sleep, and serene be thy slumbers;
Think of thy lover, and dream of his numbers.

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Gay and cheerful be thy bosom,
May all sorrows shun thy breast;
In so bright, so pure a blossom
Sweets alone should find their rest.

CONSOLATION.

Oh! let not fear, sweet maid, distress thee!
Dismiss the phantom from thy breast;
For, trust me, Heaven designs to bless thee,
And love alone can make thee blest.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is life when passed with friends,
Whom Heaven to soothe our sorrows lends;
With chosen hearts our joys to share,
With kindred souls each burden bear;
And, hand in hand, through good or ill,
Rejoice in sweet communion still.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

Oh, may our hearts, sweet wishes blending,
 Their mutual confidence still give;
 And, with our prayers to heaven ascending
 Still blest and blessing we shall live.

HIDDEN LOVE.

'Tis love that murmurs in my breast,
 And makes me shed the secret tear;
 Nor day nor night my heart knows rest,
 For night and day his voice I hear.

ON RECEIVING A LOVE-LETTER.

Sweet return of sweet affection,
 Let me kiss thy page again;
 Let me read the dear direction—
 Written by my lover's pen!
 Dearest words of tender pleasure—
 Some good angel winged your speed
 Ye have value which no treasure
 But *his* presence can exceed.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

It is a blissful thought, I ween,
 That with my heart and fancy free,
 Though seas and nation's lie between,
 I still am side by side with thee.
 I feel thy low and tender tone,
 I live for thee, and thee alone!

WHY I LOVE.

I love thee, and I fondly prize
 Thy beauty and thy perfect grace,
 The luster of thy gem-like eyes,
 Thy queenly form and sunny face
 But yet for these I love thee not—
 Though Heaven preserve them all to thee
 I love thee that thou hast a heart—
 And, better, that thou lovest *me*.

SERENADE.

The smile of thine eyes
 Must be here, love, to gladden,
 Or else the bright sunlight
 My spirit will sadden.
 The breath of thy lips on my brow must be thrilling
 Or vainly the roses their dew-cups are filling.
 I wait thee, my own love,
 I waft thee a kiss;
 I dream thou art come, love,
 And dreaming is bliss.

FRIENDSHIP'S WISH.

If I were that fairy, by poets created,
 Whose power in the world was to do what she would,
 Who flew o'er the glad earth with treasures o'er-
 freighted,
 Still crowning the beautiful, blessing the good—
 I'd fold in my pinions the purest and fairest,
 Of all the bright treasures in earth or in sea,
 I'd gather of all the world's glories the rarest,
 And bring them, my beautiful being, to thee!

AN OFFER.

Oh come, my love! oh come away,
 Let's both be happy while we may;
 Come to my heart, prepared to be
 Filled full with Happiness and Thee.

JEALOUSY.

Oh, Mary, smile not at my woes,
 Nor mock my just upbraiding;
 When you to Henry gave that rose,
 Your love for me was fading;
 I trusted all the vows you said
 To me, in love's sweet season,
 But when your thoughts away are led,
 To speak I have some reason;
 There's but one love—one way of love,
 Whole, changeless, and confiding;
 Let but one doubt the fond heart move,
 And happiness seems gliding.

TO A SWEETHEART.

Around his harp the poet flings,
A wreath of fragrant flowers,
While running o'er its tuneful strings
To while away the hours;
So sweetness, flowers and poesy,
Shall cluster round my love for thee.

A TRUSTING LOVER.

I must believe thee still sincere,
Though all the world should doubt thee;
For when thou'rt near I lose my fear,
There seems such truth about thee.
And I, till death dissolve the spell,
Will joy in thus believing,
For not where heaven resides can dwell
A thought that is deceiving.

MEMORY.

Forget thee? Never! Let the verdant Spring
Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring;
Let stars forget to shine—days sunless be—
But never can I cease to think of thee!

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

'Tis sweet to roam through the woodland glen,
With her who gladdens my earthly lot;
To gather wild flowers and murmur then,
"Forget me not! Forget me not!"

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Oh little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curled,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for the world.—*Byron*

LOVE'S MINISTERS.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame—
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.—*Coleridge*

LOVE AND LIFE.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning;
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.—*Burns.*

NEGLECTED LOVE.

Alas! for love that sits alone,
Forsaken and yet fond;
The grief that sits beside the hearth
Life has no grief beyond.—*Larson.*

AN OFFER.

Oh, why delay the happy time?
The hours glide swiftly by,
And oft we see a somber cloud
Obscure the fairest sky.
Then do not, sweet, an hour delay,
But at the altar bow,
And with consenting hearts we'll sing,
Love's time, love's time is *now*.
Park Benjamin.

THE PARTING OF LOVERS.

Here we both stand, broken-hearted,
Leaning on each others' heart;
For in parting we seem parted,
Just to think that we must part.
T. H. Chivers.

THE FAVORITE.

He's not like any other
That I have ever seen;
He has a purer, truer smile,
A loftier, manlier mien.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

A LOVER'S WISH.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest,
Thine be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.—*Burns.*

A PROPOSITION.

Oh lady, there are many things
 That seem right fair, below, above;
 But sure not one among them all
 Is half so sweet as love;
 Let us not pay our vows alone,
 But join two altars both in one.—*Holmes*

AN EXCUSE FOR KISSING.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdained to kiss its brother.
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
 What are all these blessings worth,
 If you kiss not me.—*Shelley*.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Light of life and life's best blessing
 Is the love that meets return;
 I am now that boon possessing—
 Never will I the blessing spurn.
 No! fondly no, my bosom sighs—
 No, gently no, my love replies!

A RIVAL IN LOVE.

Of all the torments, all the care
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A rival is the worst.
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope;
 Rather than he *your* love should share,
 I'd share with him—a rope.

WOMAN'S HEART.

Woman's deep thoughts you sometimes trace
 Blushing and trembling on her face;
 But if you'd know her Heart, alone
 It first must beat against your own.

LOVE UNRETURNED.

I die for thy sweet love—the ground
 Not panteth for the summer rain
 As I for one soft look of thine;
 And yet—I sigh in vain:
 A hundred men are near thee now—
 Each one, perhaps, surpassing me;
 But who can feel a thousandth part
 Of what I feel for thee?—*Proctor.*

LOVE ALL-POWERFUL.

In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed,
 In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In balls, in gay attire is seen,
 In hamlets, dances on the green;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And man below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.—*Scott.*

SEARCHING FOR LOVE.

Young Beauties! lend your ears to me,
 I'm searching for my Love;
 The fairest one, the dearest one,
 All other ones above!
 Young Beauties! tell me where she hides,
 My little snow-white dove;
 And find for me, and bring to me,
 My Beautiful, my Love!

BLUE EYES.

Those eyes of blue! those eyes of blue!
 How many a beaming glance I knew
 Ere sorrow's cloud came o'er me!
 Ah, me! methinks they darker grew
 As Fortune's favor fled before me.
 Those eyes of blue! those eyes of blue!
 They've lost their wild, cerulean hue,
 They've lost their beaming glances.
 Ah, me! they darkly gleam—adieu,
 False eyes, that change when gloom advances.

PARTING LOVERS.

I could not say Farewell to thee,
 That word I could not say;
 But mutely did I bless thee,
 As I tore myself away;
 And like the lingering scent of flowers,
 When bright hues disappear,
 Thy last kiss still is on my lip,
 Thy last sigh on my ear.

TO A LADY.

It is not right old friends to part,
 And you, dear lady, should not do it;
 So, give me back my stolen heart,
 Or take my body nearer to it.

A LOVER'S REQUEST.

Love me dearly, love me dearly,
 With your heart and with your eyes;
 Whisper all your sweet emotions,
 As they, gushing, blushing, rise;
 Throw your soft, white arms about me,
 Say you can not live without me;
 While I fix my eyes on thine,
 Say that you are only mine.—*Wallace.*

THE BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

Where is the maid with dark-brown tresses
 Ever with me in my dreams?
 Sweetly her form my spirit blesses,
 Greets my heart in sunny gleams.

LOVE'S PRESENCE.

Leave me not, thou brightest one,
 All is joy when thou art near;
 Thou canst teach my soul to shun
 Paths of gloom and thoughts of fear
 Ah! should Fate the thread divide
 That connects thy heart with mine,
 Wandering then, without a guide,
 Darkness and despair are mine.

LOVE EVERYWHERE.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with love's words;
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song, in the time of birds.—*Willis.*

SOME ONE ELSE.

She loves, but 'tis not me she loves,
Not me on whom she ponders,
When, in some dream of tenderness,
Her truant fancy wanders.

NO MORE LOVE.

I will love her no more, for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and mine has run out;
She engrosseth it all, and, till some she restore
It is really impossible that I love more.

FAITH IN LOVE.

Whoso in Love believeth, him I trust,
Whoso despiseth Love, suspect I must;
Though others' falsehood strew my heart with dust,
Mine own dear faith shall burn beneath the crust.
Duganne.

LOVE'S EYES.

Light of my life! thy glorious eyes
Like stars above my heart arise,
Like stars that shine in midnight skies.

A KISS.

My soul is trembling on my breath,
One kiss, and thou mayst taste it;
Soft, dearest, soft, it murmureth,
'Take not my life away,' it saith;
"Taste all, but do not waste it."

ABSENT.

And now the twilight hour has come
 With tender twilight's mystic hues,
 And low winds, full of kisses dumb,
 And silver-footed dew.
 The song of birds, the breath of flowers
 The zephyrs' thrill, are greeting me;
 Yet, pass I wearily the hours,
 For—I am not with thee.—*Duganne.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Love is a butterfly, lady,
 Flitting from flower to flower,
 Pausing to sip
 Each nectarine lip,
 And dreaming in every bower.
 But Friendship, the dove, o'er life's waters lark,
 Ever flies home to the Heart's dear Ark.

NEGLECTED.

Alas! my heart is like a lute,
 A lute, unused, unstrung;
 Its melody is hushed, and mute
 The chords that erewhile rung.

TRUE LOVE.

Are other eyes beguiling, love?
 Are other rose-lips smiling, love?
 Ah, heed them not; you will not find
 Lips more true, or eyes more kind
 Than mine, love, mine.—*Landon.*

LOVE'S AMBITION.

Give me the boon of love!
 I ask no more for fame;
 Far better one unpurchased heart
 Than glory's proudest name.
 I'd rather lean upon a breast
 Responsive to my own,
 Than sit pavilioned gorgeously
 Upon a kingly throne.—*Tuckerman.*

A LOVING WORD.

Coin me some word, oh truest heart,
 From out the world of loving art,
 In which, till life and love are spent,
 Thou mayest be shrined and I content.
 Coin me some word no human ear
 Has heard since love first nestled here;
 That, only breathed to Heaven and thee,
 No other hears while time shall be.
 Yet, heed me not; there is a word
 That lips *have* spoken, ears have heard;
 And this may all my hopes combine,
 So, let me ever call thee—MINE.—*Morford.*

LOVE'S PLEDGE.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.—*Ben Johnson.*

DREAMING OF LOVE.

I arise from dreams of thee,
 In the first sweet sleep of night;
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee when morning springs
 From sleep, with plumage bathed in dew,
 And, like a young bird lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue;
 And, when at noon the breath of love
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And when the sweet stars smile above,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

MUTUAL LOVE.

Though the ocean divide us
 As wide as the poles,
 There's no distance can sever
 The love of our souls

TRUE LOVE.

Let love inspire thee, and thy life shall be
 A daily prayer to Heaven for sinful earth;
 For by True Love hath all true virtue birth,
 And He whose life was love shall strengthen thee

CONFUSION OF HEARTS.

The heart you gave me t'other day
 I've neither 'ent nor changed away;
 But now 'tis so well mixed with mine,
 I really know not which is thine.

ABSORBING LOVE.

I have no hope that does not dream for thee,
 I have no joy that is not shared by thee,
 I have no fear that does not dread for thee.
L. E. L.

LOVE'S MIRRORS.

Love and loving still are we, love,
 Mirrored are our mutual hearts;
 I in thee, and thou in me, love,
 Till the life of both departs.

LOVE.

Oh Love! Love! Love!
 Its very pain endears;
 And every wailing and weeping brings
 Some blessing with its tears.
 Love makes our darkest days, sweet dove,
 In golden suns go down;
 So let us clothe our hearts with Love,
 And crown us with Love's crown.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearless thing;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost life has no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone.

Byron.

A LOVER'S SUIT.

My pen I hold, and oft essayed
 To find some fitting strain,
 In which to thee, oh peerless maid,
 I might not plead in vain.
 An insect, fluttering in the light
 That from my taper streamed,
 Unconscious drew my wondering gaze,
 So full of joy he seemed.
 Poor fly! he glittered in the light,
 Then, scorched and feeble, fell:
 I drop my pen; oh, lady bright,
 I am the *moth*, and thou the *light*,
 'Tis thou my fate must tell.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Where fortune smiles and life is fair,
 Seek not the gem of Friendship there;
 When true and false are mingling near,
 They both may seem alike sincere:
 But when the storms of sorrow lower,
 And pale distress controls the hour,
 The first dark clouds that cross the sky,
 Will but the friends of sunshine fly;
 But one who *truly* loved before,
 Will only change—to love the more!

LOVE-SONG.

I will string my harp with its sweetest strings
 And will sit me at thy feet;
 And my hand shall waken a strain for thee,
 That is swellingly wild and sweet.
 See! see!—but my hand is still
 Which over the harp-strings stole;
 The beautiful dream of our love and faith
 Is life to my thrilling soul.
 I dare not trust it to music's power,
 I should die if it left my breast;
 Flow back, soft river of melody,
 Flow back, ye visions blest.

Singing Sibyl

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A mother's love! how sweet the name!
 What is a mother's love?
 A noble, pure and tender flame
 Enkindled from above;
 To bless a heart of earthly mold,
 The love that never can grow cold—
 This is a mother's love.

SPIRIT-LOVE.

I am alone, my own love,
 Thou art not near me now;
 Yet in my dreams it seems, love,
 At thy dear feet I bow.
 Still thou art brought in thought, love,
 Close to my yearning heart;
 Still on thy breast I rest, love,
 Even when far thou art.
 'Tis my soul meets and greets, love,
 Thine as it floats to me;
 Dost thou not feel it steal, love,
 Softly a-near to thee?

CONSTANT LOVE.

She's on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
 At midnight, morn and noon;
 December's morn beholds her there,
 And there the rose of June.

DISAPPOINTED AFFECTION.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour
 I've seen my proudest hopes decay;
 I never loved a tree or flower
 But 'twas the first to pass away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft, dark eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die.

Moore

BORROWED CHARMS.

While on thy radiant eyes I gaze,
 I bow before their magic blue;
 But when my own to heaven I raise,
 I find out where they stole their hue.
 And when I mark the crimson dye
 That on thy cheek so richly glows,
 I look about and soon descry
 The bloom you've plundered from the rose.
 And I suspect your breath and lip
 Were gained from—what? I know not well
 But let me once their treasures sip,
 And then, sweet love, I'll guess and tell.

LOVE'S HARMONY.

How blest the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet according minds;
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts, and hopes, and faith are one.

TO A LADY WEEPING.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
 Through the bright drop that pity drew,
 I saw beneath those tears of thine
 A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.
 The violet ever scents the gale,
 Its hues adorn the finest wreath;
 But sweetest through a dewy veil
 Its color glows, its odors breathe,
 And thus thy charms in brightness rise,
 When wit and pleasure round thee play;
 But when through pity's flood they gleam,
 Who but must love the softer beam?

HOLIDAY VERSES.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

I wish you a Merry Christmas,
 My loved and valued friend;
 May all life's choicest blessings,
 Your peaceful walks attend;
 May honor guide your footsteps,
 And plenty crown your store;
 And when your cup of Friendship's full,
 May Love still brim it o'er.

WITH A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I send you, beloved one,
 A Christmas reminder—
 With a prayer that is deeper,
 A wish that is kinder.
 Accept, for my sake, dear,
 The trifle I send;
 And with the gift, take, dear,
 The love of a friend.

WITH A PRESENT.

Lend me, my dear,
 Your attentive ear,
 While a secret your heart unlocks:
 'Tis that I love you dearly,
 And send you sincerely,
 My love in a Christmas box!

TO A MOTHER.

Mother! I wish thee a Happy New Year,
 Many a one hast thou given to me;
 Many a blessing and prayer sincere
 All the New Years have heard from thee!
 Every New Year since my cradle hours,
 You have watched over my pathways here;
 Strewing them always with softest flowers—
 Mother, dear mother, a Happy New Year.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH.

A wreath for Christmas quickly twine,
A wreath of the bright and sparkling vine;
 Though roses are dead,
 And violets fled,
Yet for Christmas a bonnie wreath we'll twine.
Away to the wood, where the Holly grows,
And its red berries blush amid winter snows;
Away to the ruin where Ivy clings,
And around the dark border its verdure flings.
 Hey! for the Ivy and Holly so bright,
 They are our garlands for Christmas Night.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A merry Christmas to my love
 I wish with all my heart and soul;
And may the angels from above
 Her gentle fate control;
And make her life, so sweet and gay,
One long and happy Christmas Day.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The cold, frosty stars waked me out of my sleep,
And I looked through the curtains to take a first peep
 Of the day that was coming, my dear!
And the very first thought that came into my mind,
Was for you all intended, to you all confined,
For I wished you—a Happy New Year.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

Another year has gone with all
That walked before this earthly ball;
With all its nights, and days, and morrows,
Its hopes, its fears, its joys, its sorrows;
And now the *Next* is ushered in,
Its race to run—its good to win;
May all its choicest joys be thine,
And all its sweets to thee incline;
And may thy soul, a twelvemonth hence,
Review its months with joyous sense,
And feel, with gratitude sincere,
This was thy happiest New Year.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

With holly and ivy so green and so gay,
 We deck up our chimneys as fresh as the May;
 With bays and rosemary, and mistletoe boughs,
 We'll tempt merry Christmas to sing and carouse

TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Dear husband! Christmas time has past,
 And New Year's festive season gone;
 How long, how long must absence last,
 And I be left alone—alone!
 The days, the months, like ages are,
 The nights bring no repose to me;
 While thy dear smile is still afar,
 The New Year brings no joy to me.

LINES FOR A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

New Year's Day! blithe and gay!
 Wish you joy, sweet maiden!
 Bells are jingling—beaux are mingling—
 Tables groan, o'erladen;
 Girls are giggling—boys are wriggling—
 Dandies die away, widows sigh away;
 Strangers flatter—husbands scatter,
 Black eyes snap,
 Blue eyes languish,
 Hearts break,
 For Beauty's sake,
 Lovers pine in anguish;
 New Year's Day! 'twill hardly pay
 For me to play—*Exquisite!*
 I think I'll stay at home to-day,
 And send my "*Carte de visite!*"
 Ladies all! I can not call
 To pick at pound-cake dishes;
 But if you please, I'll drop you these
 Few lines—with New Year's Wishes.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

TO A FRIEND.

No crown of gaudy gems and gold
Upon thy brow thou wearest,
But hearts whose tribute ne'er grows cold
Shall crown thy birthday, dearest !
We fill the goblet of the heart,
And pray the years returning
To leave thee worthy as thou art,
Of love that forms life's better part
And joy that fills its yearning !

WITH A BOOK TO A SWEETHEART.

Go, little birthday gift ! go, tell
The one my faithful heart loves well
How like a book is she indeed,
Wherein the sweetest thoughts I read ;
In her dark eyes are meanings rare,
And sweetest fancies in her hair ;
And in her cheeks the warm blush seems
To paint a thousand lovely dreams ;
And on her brow with sweet confessions,
I read a thousand soft expressions,
And on her lips there is—but go,
My book—what's there *we* only know !

A WIFE ON HER HUSBAND'S BIRTHDAY

Dear husband of my happy heart !
With each new year more dear thou art ;
Though youth must fade, and strength decay,
Thy love sustains my mortal way ;
Thy arm I lean on, and thy soul,
With mine walks onward to its goal,
Where we in heaven's still happier life,
Shall be true husband and true wife !

A SISTER'S BIRTHDAY

My sister ! time this day impresses
 Another seal upon thy brow,
 Another shade upon thy tresses,
 To mark the year that claims thee now ;
 Oh, may this birthday be, my sister dear,
 A gate that leads thee to thy happiest years.

WITH A BIBLE.

Accept this Book—the Word of God !
 And may it be thy faithful chart,
 And ever point thy onward road,
 And ever guide thy trustful heart !
 And when thy earthly birthdays all
 Have mingled with the dust of ages,
 May blest Eternity recall
 The holy meanings of its pages.

WITH A WEDDING-DAY PRESENT.

To thee, dear wife, I pen this lay ;
 On this our tenth sweet wedding-day,
 So many years we've passed in joy,
 No cares can cloud, no grief destroy ;
 So many years I've trusted thee,
 So many years you've trusted me ;
 And still we love and still we trust,
 Though all things false shall fall to dust ;
 And still we trust and still we love,
 Till all things true we reach above.

PRESENTATION LINE IN A BIBLE.

This volume by a friend is given,
 Oh, may it lead a friend to heaven !

EPITAPHS AND MOURNING VERSES

ON A DEPARTED ONE.

She has gone to the realms of the blest,
Where sorrow can reach her never,
She has passed through the gates of her rest,
She is lost to our dim eyes forever.
The tomb may her ashes inclose,
And record what from life hath perished,
But her soul hath immortal repose,
And her love in our hearts is still cherished.

ON A LOST FRIEND.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.—*Halleck*

THE GREAT CHANGE.

From mortal woe, from mortal strife,
From pain to bliss, from death to life,
The form we loved, has risen to be
Encrowned with immortality.

ON A DEPARTED GIRL.

We saw her sufferings, heard her sighs
With throbbing hearts and weeping eyes;
But now she calmly sleeps at last,
All pain, all grief, all suffering past.

ON A FRIEND.

Beneath this stone his body sleeps,
His soul to God departs;
His name this marble record keeps,
His memory fills our hearts.

A CHERUBIM'S EPITAPH.

Here the most precious dust is laid,
 Whose purely tempered clay was made
 So fine that it the guest betrayed;
 Else the soul grew so fast within
 It brake the outward shell of sin,
 And so was hatched a cherubim.

ON A DYING SISTER.

God claims thee, gentle one!
 Even now the joy of heaven's imaginings
 With angel vesture robes thy holy heart;
 Thy beautiful thoughts upbear thee with white wings,
 God claims thee, darling one! we part, we part!

ON A LEARNED MAN.

The body of our friend lies dead
 With all the wit that filled his head;
 But still survives his deathless part—
 It is the love that filled his heart.

ON AN AGED LADY.

Her hands lie folded on her breast,
 Crossed like the Cross that gave her rest:
 Her spirit, clothed with heavenly love,
 Looks smiling down from realms above.

THE GRAVES OF SOLDIERS.

Souls of the mighty dead
 Your children's hearts inspire;
 And while they on your ashes tread
 Rekindle all your fire.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

With wreaths of sweetest flowers,
 His winding-sheet perfume;
 And wash his wounds with true-love showers,
 And cleanse them for the tomb.

ON A CHILD.

Rest, little one, like gentle bird
That folds its wearied wing;
To-morrow, at our Father's word,
Thou shalt ascend and sing.

ON A SISTER.

Sleep, sister dear, till morning,
The angels will awake thee;
And, decked with love's adorning,
To heaven their arms will take thee.

ON A BABE.

Go, tender bud, from mother's bosom
For Jesus called, in freshness sweet;
Our richest gift was this fair blossom,
To lay at our dear Savior's feet.

ON A FRIEND.

Here sunk our friend; yet do not grieve—
The golden sun must sink at eve;
Look up; and o'er the heavenly plain
You will behold him rise again.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.—*Montgomery.*

ON A VIRTUOUS LADY.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much of beauty as could die;
Which, in life, did harbor give
To more of virtue than doth live.
Ben Jonson

ON A FATHER.

Our earthly father here to earth we give,
 Our heavenly Father bids his soul still live;
 So, when we all go home to heaven above,
 Two tender Fathers we shall find to love.

ON A MOTHER.

Mother! through all my changeful years
 Thine eyes have watched me through their tears:
 And though beneath this marble tomb
 Their lids are closed in seeming gloom,
 The memory of those eyes will be
 Like stars to light the right for me.

FOR A TOMB.

Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
 Till it be called for, let it rest;
 For while this jewel here is set,
 The grave is like a cabinet.—*Beaumont.*

LINES.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armor against fate—
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
James Shirley.

LINES FOR A TOMB.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust;
 And in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The world recedes—it disappears,
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 Oh grave! where is thy victory?
 Oh death! where is thy sting?—*Pope*

ON A SUDDEN DEATH.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late—
 Mercy alike to kill or save!
 Virtue, unmoved, can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.—*Pope*

HOW TO LIVE.

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present lay;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord! in my view let both united be,
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.—*Doddridge*

EPITAPH FOR A SOLDIER.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 Here Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay!
 And Freedom shall awhile draw near,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, here.—*Collins*

ON A MAN.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
 Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
 Had friends—his friends are now no more;
 And foes—his foes are dead!
 He saw whatever thou hast seen—
 Encountered all that troubles thee!
 He was—whatever thou hast been,
 He is—what thou shalt be.—*Montgomery*

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own;
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear—
 He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.
 No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God!—*Gray's Elegy.*

ON A WIFE.

Does youth—does beauty—read this graven line?
 Speak, gentle wife! discourse in strain divine!
 Bid them be chaste and innocent like thee—
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move!
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship and as fond in love.
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas such to thee!) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And angels cry—"the pure in heart see God!"

FLOWERS ON A GRAVE.

The flowers that bloom above the dead,
 The countless gems that mourners know,
 The long grass in the sunken bed—
 These God permits to grow.—*Read.*

ON A SUFFERER.

Give her again to earth!
 There's safety there! She shall no more repine;
 The fruit hath fallen from life's o'erladen vine,
 And she is freed from all the waking train
 Of sorrows that have rocked her heart and brain.
 Here let her rest in earth.

THE LAST REST.

Blest is the turf, serenely blest,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep.
Nor even pilgrim wakes to weep.
There shall no vain ambition come,
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heartstrings riven,
The weak, imploring eye to Heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed,
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head.

Leigh Hunt.

EPITAPH.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow;
Dust to its narrow house beneath—
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.—*Hemans.*

ON A DEPARTED ONE.

The summons came forth, and she died—
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side;
Her death was the mourner's repose.
Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing—
To triumph for agony here—
To rejoice in the joy of its King.—*Croly.*

ON THE DEAD.

Peace be unto these ashes—for by them
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge—far less condemn.
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known to us all—and this poor mortal dust,
When it shall be revived—as is our trust—
Will be forgiven or suffer what is just.—*Byron*

ON A SOLDIER.

Thine was the sword which justice draws,
 Thine was the pure and generous cause
 Of holy rights and patriot laws,
 And human thrall to burst;
 And thou wast fitted for thy part—
 A noble mind—a valiant heart—
 Artless, save in the warrior's art,
 And in that art the first.

FOR A WILLOW-TREE GRAVE.

The lonely willow-trees are bending
 Sorrowful o'er the graves,
 And the stars above from heaven shine,
 Through each one as it waves;
 And thus, while sorrow's willow bendeth
 Over us, sad and dark,
 If we but look through the leaves above,
 The souls in heaven we mark.—*Sigourney.*

ON A YOUTH.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the wayside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life.—*Longfellow.*

CONSOLATION.

Joy for the blessed dead!
 Joy for the creeping worm,
 That to a chrysalis has changed its form;
 Joy for the seed that from the breast of earth,
 Sprung up, exultant, to a fruitful birth;
 Joy for the gem that from a darksome mine,
 Leaps forth, in lustrous loveliness to shine;
 Joy when the loved ones die!
 Joy that they soar on high!

EPITAPH.

Though deep the quiet of this tomb,
 Though dark this bed of clay,
 Yet shall he wake, and leave the gloom,
 For everlasting day!

LET ME GO.

Let me go, the day is breaking!
 Dear companions, let me go;
 We have spent a night of waking,
 In this wilderness below;
 Here we part at break of day,
 Upward, now, I take my way;
 Friends and kindred, weep not so,
 If you love me, let me go.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

They are sleeping! who are sleeping?
 Children wearied with their play,
 Underneath the flow'rets creeping,
 Softly sleeping, here are they.

A DEATH-BED.

Her sufferings ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away,
 In statue-like repose;
 But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning gate,
 And walked in Paradise.—*J. Aurich.*

WE WEEP FOR THEE.

In memory's glass we see thy living form,
 As once we saw it, when, with pressure warm,
 Thy hand we clasped in Friendship's close embrace,
 And as each well-remembered line we trace,
 We weep for thee.—*Duganne.*

UPON AN INFANT.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood,
 Who as soon fell fast to sleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her flowers, but do not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.
Herrick.

LINES.

Since all that is fairest and best
 We must part from, in sorrow and fear,
 Shall the soul seek on earth for its rest?
 Shall it hope for its dwelling-place here.

FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod, low lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one, who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.
 Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above;
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love.—*J. T. Fields.*

ON A LOVER.

Lay a garland on my hearse,
 Of the dismal yew;
 Maidens, willow-branches bear,
 Say I died true.
 My love was false, but I was firm,
 From my hour of birth—
 Upon my buried body lie
 Lightly, gentle earth.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

ON A GOOD FATHER.

Here, under flowers, our father lies
 In sleep—a good man never dies.

ON A SOLDIER.

Still beautiful in death
 The warrior's corpse appears—
 Embalmed by fond affection's breath,
 And by his country's tears.
 The arms of mother earth
 Receive the fallen brave;
 From her sweet lap he sprung to birth,
 And makes her heart his grave.

ON A DAUGHTER.

Daughter! on thy lowly bed
 Sunbeams, dews and showers are shed
 But the sunbeams wake not thee—
 Thine are eyes which can not see!
 And the dews can never chill
 Her whose hands and heart are still;
 Nor the music of the rain
 Please her quiet ear again.—*A. G. Chester*

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

Behold yon cavern, where the dropping tears,
 Have crystallized to columns by long years;
 So shall thy sorrow, man of mighty grief,
 Bear up like pillows, for thy soul's relief.—*Lewis*

ON A YOUNG GIRL.

Beauty and virtue crowned thee,
 Death in thy youth hath found thee,
 Thou'rt gone to thy grave,
 And the soft willows wave,
 And the flow'rets are weeping around thee.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Cease, mourners, cease, and weep no more,
 Your lost friends are but gone before—
 Advanced a stage upon the way
 That you must tread some other day:
 At the same inn all meet at last,
 There to repose from troubles past.

ON A BABE.

Thine offering, Father, to thine arms we tender
 Our child, our babe, our little one we yield;
 Its fragrance, Lord, to thee we humbly render,
 Our choicest flower, the lily of our field:
 To bloom beneath Thy smile—to dwell beholding
 The wondrous mystery of Thy love divine;
 Its beauteous petals evermore unfolding,
 Its opening heart, dear Lord, so near to Thine.
Duganne.

"OUR LITTLE ONE."

Autumn came—the leaves were falling
Death the little one was calling :
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly ;
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That, to us, she seemed still dearer,
As the ærial home grew nearer.

THE PATRIOT DEAD.

Oh ! sweet the death of those
Who for their country die—
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph when they die.

A MOTHER ON HER CHILDREN.

All, all are gone—the good, the fair,
All lost in life's sweet bloom ;
And I, whose age might claim their care,
Survive, to raise their tomb.
Oh hush, my friends, whose hearts have not
A parent's rapture known ;
And envy not a mother's lot,
Lest it be like my own.

ON A CHILD, FIVE YEARS OLD.

Five years I lived
To glad my parent's sight,
And now I bid to them
A short "good-night ;"
Mourn not my fate,
My days in life were few,
My pleasures brief,
But brief my sorrows too !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LOVER'S CASKET.

WANTED—A WIFE.

I want a wife, a first-rate wife—
 A girl that's all my own,
 To cook my meals and cheer my life
 With smiling word and tone.

I want a kind of *apple* girl,
 Ripe, rosy-cheeked and sound,
 Whose tender feelings sort of quirl,
 And twine me all around.

A girl with cheeks like hollyhocks,
 Industrious, kind and true,
 That's smart enough to foot my socks
 And mend my clothes like new.

A girl that never pledged a vow
 To any chap but me—
 That's been brought up to milk a cow
 And have warm cakes for tea.

Like tallow-dips her eyes must be,
 As melting and as bright,
 (They'll do to court her by, you see,
 And save another light.)

She must be graceful as the bell
 Upon the lily fount,
 And make such butter as will sell
 For thirty cents a pound

If she I've spoke for should appear
 In answer to these rhymes,
 She'll find a partner most sincere
 In marriage

JOEL GRIMES

WHAT IS BEST FOR US TO DO.

We are young,
 And both are loving;
 You love me,
 And I love you;
 Each, each other's
 Faults reproving—
 Some in me,
 And some in you.

What is best
 For us to do?
 Live and love
 Continue loving—
 You loving me,
 I loving you;
 Each, each other's
 Faults reproving—
 You reproving me; I you;
 This is best for us to do!
H. B. Hira.

SWEET LOVE IS EVERYWHERE.

The air is filled with gentle song,
 An under-song of wooing—
 As the leaf-enshrouded woods o'erflow
 With the sound of the ringdove's cooing.
 In nature's deepest haunts
 I hear a voice that chants:
 "Why should the earth grow cold with care
 Since Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"

The sunbeams leave their glowing throne,
 And whisper love to the flowers;
 The birds outpour it in their strains,
 As they sit in their rose-crowned bowers.
 When the breeze swells mournfully
 Through the bough of a swaying tree,
 I ever hear a voice declare
 That "Love, sweet Love, is everywhere!"

CALL ME PET NAMES.

Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird,
 That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word.
 That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
 That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
 Oh, my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word—
 Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird.

Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own!
 Speak to me always in Love's low tone!
 Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold;
 Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
 Love me forever and love me alone!
 Call me pet names, darling! *Call me thine own!*

FOR THEE.

As the bud lingers and looks for the spring,
 For her light fingers to open its wing;
 Folding up proudly its fresh dew and bloom,
 Wistfully hoarding its holy perfume,
 All unrelated by sunbeam or bee,
 So my heart waited, looking for thee.

As the bud hushes its love-heaving breast,
 Till summer blushes about its warm nest,
 Dreaming and sleeping 'neath winter's control,
 Timidly keeping its song in its soul—
 So have I kept, dear, my heart-music free,
 So has love slept, dear, waiting for thee!

A DENIAL.

They tell me I was false to thee,
 But they are false who say it;
 The vow I made was pure and free,
 And time shall ne'er betray it.
 I laid my heart on virtue's shrine,
 I loved truth, honor, kindness;
 I love them still, I thought them thine—
 Too soon I wept my blindness.
 'Tis *thou* wert false to them and me;
 My worship still I cherish;
 My love, still true, hath turned from thee,
 To find them or to perish.—*F. S. O.*

THE SORDID SIDE OF LOVE.

Oh, some may praise thy lustrous curls
 Which flow in streams of gold,
 Thy diamond eyes, thy teeth of pearls—
 To these my heart is cold.
 But give me Madge for good or worse;
 Though not so young nor fair,
 Her gold is in her silken purse,
 Not in her silken hair.
 Her pearls have got a market price,
 Her diamonds can be sold;
 And, prudence dictates to think twice
 About *the kind* of gold.
 Even poets can the difference tell!
 'Twixt current coin and that
 From love's bright mint, which looks so well,
 But buys nor boots nor hat.
 My debts, my duns, my clothes, my wine,
 My tastes all ask me—which?
 So farewell Marion, the divine,
 And welcome Madge, the rich!
Author of "Miss Slimmena."

'TIS SWEET TO BE DECEIVED BY THEE.

They bid me shun your blush and smile;
 They bid me doubt your dazzling eyes:
 They tell me, love, of many a wile
 You wear, your victims to surprise;
 Ah, weave them still! If false they be
'Tis sweet to be deceived by thee.

A WISH.

Oh, would I were only a spirit of song!
 I'd float forever around, above you;
 If I were a spirit it wouldn't be wrong—
It couldn't be wrong to love you!
 For a musical spirit could never do wrong,
And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!
Mrs. Osgood.

IF WISHES WERE ONLY WINGS.

If I were a bird that sings
 In the joy of a spirit free,
 If wishes were only wings,
 How soon I would be with thee!
 As the lark soars at sunrise alone,
 While the air with rapture rings,
 Thy smile I could meet, mine own,
 If wishes were only wings.
 'Tis only when sorrow like this
 A shade o'er my spirit flings—
 'Tis only when *thee* I miss,
 That I wish my wishes were wings.
Mrs. Osgood.

AN ANSWER IN TIME OF SORROW.

Nay, leave me to my own sad heart—
 To memory's more than midnight shade;
 I seem to-day to stand apart
 From every thing that God has made.

I can not echo back your sighs,
 Nor can your smiling overfall
 That space so deep and wide that lies
 'Twixt friends and lovers—that is all.

Forgive me, if your kind advance
 Of sympathy I thus dismiss;
 That word has no significance—
 No solace, in an hour like this.

SYMPATHY.

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so wholly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own.

Responds as if with unseen wings
 An angel swept its quivering strings,
 And whispers in its song,
 "Where hast thou stayed so long?"
Longfellow.

BERTHA.

A lilly sweet, superb and white,
 Filled and overflowed with light—
 Clear water in a silver bowl—
 This is Bertha, body and soul.

The richest rose that ever grew,
 Thrilled with sunlight, filled with dew
 By its own sweetness half oppressed,
 This is the heart in Bertha's breast.

Oh, would that I might build a bower
 Befitting this fair human flower!
 Amaranths and passion-flowers should twine
 Its arches proud, were Bertha mine.

THE SONG OF LOVE AND DEATH.

Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
 And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be;
 Love thou art bitter; sweet is death to me;
 Oh love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
 Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be;
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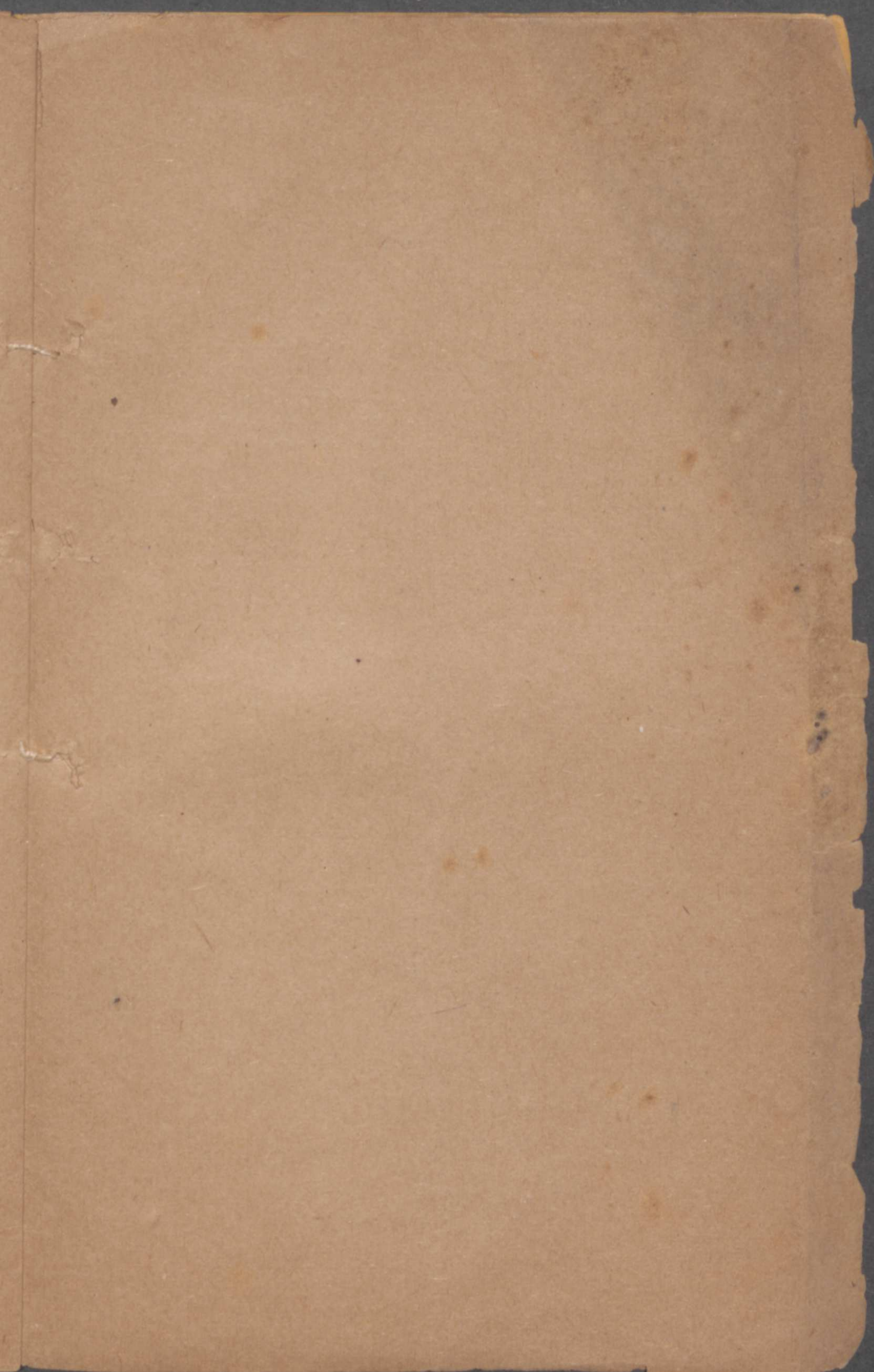
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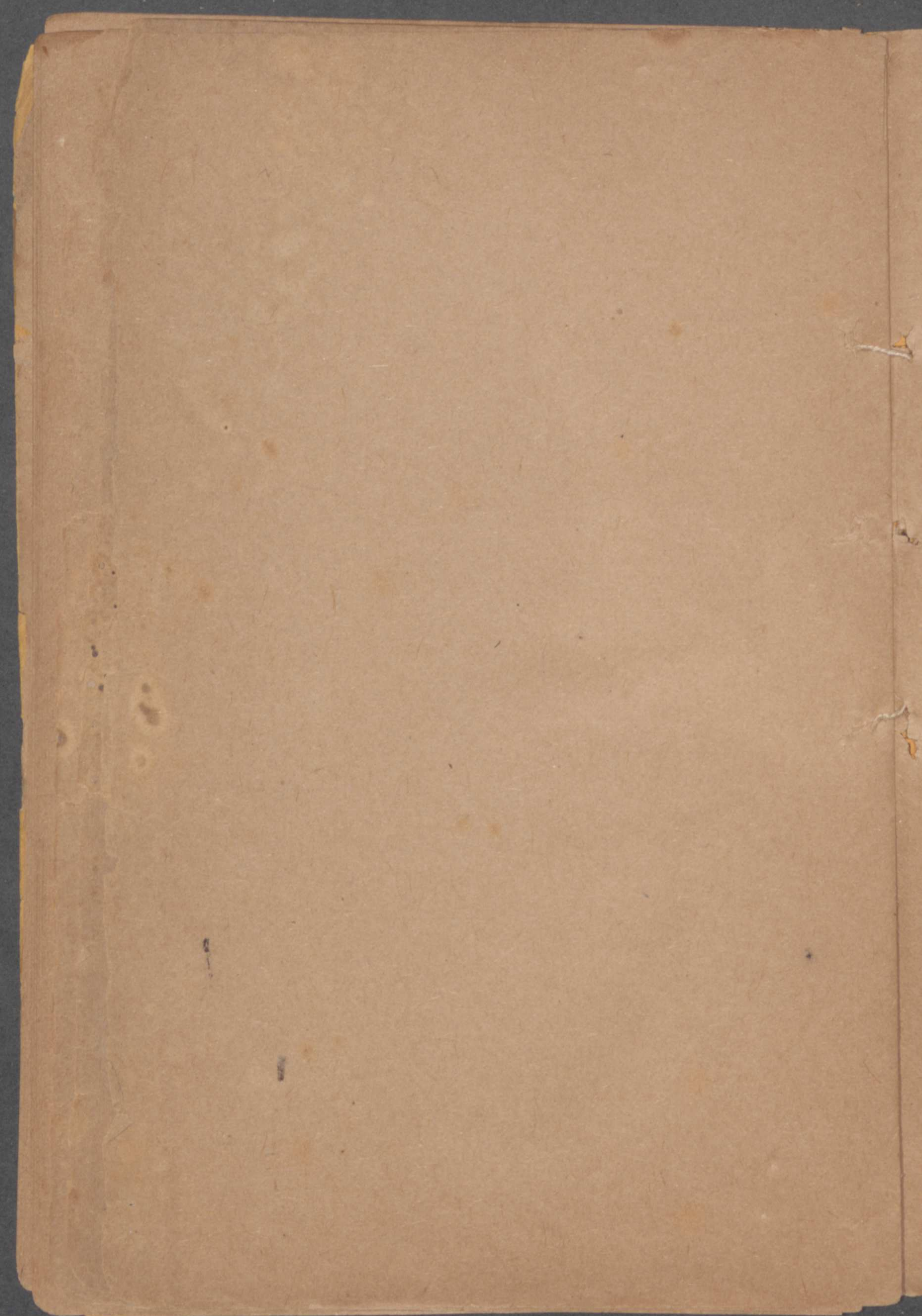
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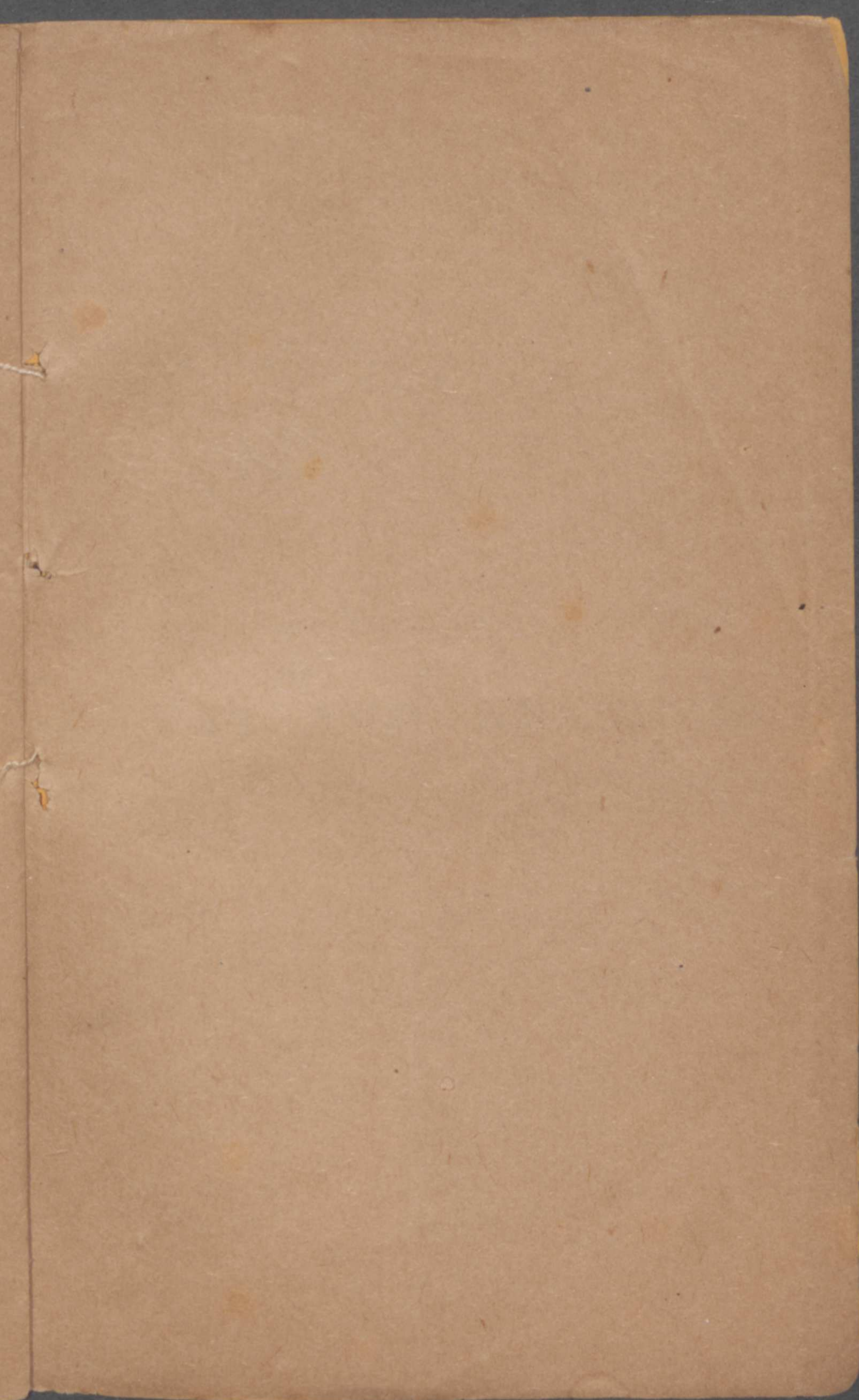
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